

The Seed of Starchild

Glenn North

We are among you,
the celestial seed
of Starchild,
heads held high
fists raised
standing
not just knee deep
but total-ly deep
in old-batch-
of-collard-greens funk.
Like Big Mama
standing in the doorway
with her switch,
can't get around us
can't get under us
can't get over us
you can't get away.

We are here,
packin'shoot-'em-
for-they-run bop guns
to dismiss
the rhythmless...
*If you choose not to move
you will be removed.*
Gotta help the Interstellar
get her groove back,
as we promoticate
a neo-funkdafied
philosophy of
Afrofuturism.
This is a subatomic
attempt to reappropriate
& transmogrify
that which has been
commodified.

We are One
Nation Under a Groove
with a mission designed
to occupy minds
& restrain
the maggot brains
of tea party drones
cloned from the “junk
DNA” of Sir Nose
(Devoid of Funk).
Hard to conceive
but we believe
every Biff
& every Becky
can reach a state
of Funkentelechy.
We are not haters
but originators
whose only concern
is to funk
& be funk'd in return.